

If for his tender here I make some stay. *Lie downe.*

Ob. What hast thou done? Thou hast mistaken quite
And laid the loue iuyce on some true loues sight:
Of thy misprision, must perforce ensue
Some true loue turn'd, and not a false turn'd true.

Rob. Then fate ore-rules, that one man holding troth,
A million faile, confounding oath on oath.

Ob. About the wood, goe swifter then the winde,
And *Helena* of *Athens* looke thou finde.
All fancy sicke she is, and pale of cheere,
With sighes of loue, that costs the fresh blood deare.
By some illusion see thou bring her heere,
He charme his eyes against she doth appeare.

Robin. I go, I go, looke how I goe,
Swifter then arrow from the *Tartars* bowe. *Exit.*

Ob. Flower of this purple die,
Hit with *Cupids* archery,
Sinke in apple of his eye,
When his loue he doth espie,
Let her shine as gloriously
As the *Venus* of the sky.
When thou wak'st if she be by,
Beg of her for remedy.

Enter Pucke.

Puck. Captaine of our Fairy band,
Helena is heere at hand,
And the youth, mistooke by me,
Pleading for a Louers fee.
Shall we their fond Pageant see?
Lord, what fooles these mortals be!

Ob. Stand aside: the noyse they make,
Will cause *Demetrius* to awake.

Puck. Then will two at once wooe one,
That must needs be sport alone:
And those things doe best please me,
That befall preposterously.

Enter Lysander and Helena.

Lys. Why should you think I should wooe in scorn?
Scorne and derision neuer comes in teares:
Looke when I woe I weepe; and vowes so borne,
In their natiuity all truth appeares.
How can these things in me, seeme scorne to you?
Bearing the badge of faith to proue them true.

Hel. You doe aduance your cunning more & more,
When truth kills truth, O diuclish holy fray!
These vowes are *Hermias*. Will you giue her ore?
Weigh oath with oath, and you will nothing weigh.
Your vowes to her, and me, (put in two scales)
Will euen weigh, and both as light as tales.

Lys. I had no iudgement, when to her I swore.
Hel. Nor none in my minde, now you giue her ore.

Lys. *Demetrius* loues her, and he loues not you. *Anna.*

Dem. O *Helena*, goddess, nimph, perfect, diuine,
To what my loue, shall I compare thine eyne!

Christall is muddy, O how ripe in show,
Thy lips, those kissing cherries, tempting grow!
That pure congealed white, high *Tartarus* snow,
Fan'd with the Easterne winde, turnes to a crow,
When thou holdst vp thy hand. O let me kisse
This Princesse of pure white, this scale of blisse.

Hel. O spight! O hell! I see you are all bent
To set against me, for your merriment:
If you were ciuill, and knew curtesie,
You would not doe me thus much iniury.

Can you not hate me, as I know you doe,
But you must ioyne in soules to mocke me to?
If you are men, as men you are in show,
You would not vse a gentle Lady so;
To vow, and swaere, and superpraise my parts,
When I am sure you hate me with your hearts.
You both are Riuals, and loue *Hermia*;
And now both Riuals to mocke *Helena*.
A trim exploit, a manly enterprize,
To coniure teares vp in a poore maids eyes,
With your derision; none of noble sort,
Would so offend a Virgin, and extort
A poore soules patience, all to make you sport.

Lysa. You are vnkind *Demetrius*; be not so,
For you loue *Hermia*; this you know I know;
And here with all good will, with all my heart,
In *Hermias* loue I yeeld you vp my part;
And yours of *Helena*, to me bequeath,
Whom I do loue, and will do to my death.

Hel. Neuer did mockers wast more idle breath.
Dem. *Lysander*, keep thy *Hermia*, I will none:
If ere I lou'd her, all that loue is gone.
My heart to her, but as guest-wife so iourn'd,
And now to *Helena* it is home return'd,
There to remaine.

Lys. It is not so.
De. Disparage not the faith thou dost not know,
Left to thy perill thou abide it deare,
Looke where thy Loue comes, yonder is thy deare.

Enter Hermia.

Her. Dark night, that from the eye his function takes,
The eare more quick of apprehension makes,
Wherein it doth impair the seeing sense,
It paies the hearing double recompence.
Thou art not by mine eye, *Lysander* found,
Mine eare (I thanke it) brought me to that sound.

But why vnkindly didst thou leaue me so? *(to go)*
Lysan. Why should hee stay whom Loue doth presse?

Her. What loue could presse *Lysander* from my side?

Lys. *Lysanders* loue (that would not let him bide)
Faile *Helena*; who more engilds the night,
Then all yon fierie oes, and eyes of light,
Why seek'st thou me? Could not this make thee know,
The hate I bare thee, made me leaue thee so?

Her. You speake not as you thinke; it cannot be.

Hel. Loe, she is one of this confederacy,
Now I perceiue they haue conioyn'd all three,
To fashion this false sport in spight of me.

Iniurious *Hermia*, most vngratefull maid,
Haue you conspir'd, haue you with these contri'd
To baite me, with this foule derision?

Is all the counsell that we two haue shar'd,
The sisters vowes, the houres that we haue spent,
When wee haue chid the hasty footed time,
For parting vs; O, is all forgot?

All schooledaies friendship, child-hood innocence?
We *Hermia*, like two Artificiall gods,
Haue with our needles, created both one flower,
Both on one sampler, sitting on one cushion,
Both warbling of one song, both in one key;
As if our hands, our sides, voices, and mindes
Had bene incorporate. So we grew together,
Like to a double cherry, seeming parted,
But yet a vnion in partition.

Two

Two louely berries molded on one stem,
So with two seeming bodies, but one heart,
Two of the first life coars in Heraldry,
Due but to one and crowned with one crest.
And will you rent our ancient loue afunder,
To ioyne with men in scorning your poore friend?
It is not friendly; 'tis not maidenly.
Our sexe as well as I, may chide you for it,
Though I alone doe feeble the iniurie.

Her. I am amazed at your passionate words,
I scorne you not; It seemes that you scorne me.

Hel. Haue you not set *Lysander*, as in scorne
To follow me, and praise my eyes and face?

And made your other loue, *Demetrius*
(Who euen but now did spurne me with his foote)
To call me goddess, nimph, diuine, and rare,
Precious, celestiall? Wherefore speaks he this
To her he hates? And wherefore doth *Lysander*
Denie your loue (so rich within his soule)
And tender me (forsooth) affection,
But by your setting on, by your consent?

What though I be not so in grace as you,
So hung vpon with loue, so fortunate?
(But miserable most, to loue vnlovd)
This you should pittie, rather then despise.

Her. I vnderstand not what you meane by this.

Hel. I doe, perforce, counterfeit I ad looke,
Make mouthes vpon me when I turne my backe,
Winke each at other, hold the sweete left vp:
This sport well carried, shall be chronicled.

If you haue any pittie, grace, or manners,
You would not make me such an argument:
But fare ye well, 'tis partly mine owne fault,
Which death or absence soone shall remedie.

Lys. Stay gentle *Helena*, heare my excuse,
My loue, my life, my soule, faire *Helena*.

Hel. O excellent!

Her. Sweete, do not scorne her so.

Dem. If he cannot entreate, I can compell.

Lys. Thou canst compell, no more then she entreate.
Thy threats haue no more strength then her weak praise.

Helena, I loue thee, by my life I doe;
I sweare by that which I will lose for thee,
To proue him false, that saies I loue thee not.

Dem. I say, I loue thee more then he can do.

Lys. If thou say so, with-draw and proue it too.

Dem. Quick, come.

Her. *Lysander*, whereto tends all this?

Lys. Away, you *Eriopoe*.

Dem. No, no, Sir, seeme to breake loose;
Take on as you would follow,

But yet come not: you are a tame man, goe, and loe T

Lys. Hang off thou cat, thou bur; vile thing let loose,
Or I will shake thee from me like a serpent.

Her. Why are you growne so rude?
What change is this sweete Loue?

Lys. Thy loue? out rawnny *Tartar*, out;

Our loathed medicine; O hated poison hence!

Her. Do you not iest?

Hel. Yes sooth, and so do you.

Lys. *Demetrius*, I will keepe my word with thee.

Dem. I would I had your bond: for I perceiue vnlovd
A weak bond holds you; I'll not trust your word.

Lys. What, should I hurt her, strike her, kill her dead?
Although I hate her, I'll not harme her so.

Her. What, can you do me greater harme then hate?

Hate me, wherefore? O me, what newes my Loue?

Am not I *Hermia*? Are not you *Lysander*?

I am as faire now, as I was ere while.

Since night you leu'd me; yet since night you left me.

Why then you left me (O the gods forbid
In earnest, shall I say?

Lys. I, by my life;
And neuer did desire to see thee more.

Therefore be out of hope, of question, of doubt;
Be certaine, nothing truer: 'tis no iest,
That I doe hate thee, and loue *Helena*.

Her. O me, you iugler, you canker blossome,
You theefe of loue; What haue you come by night,
And stolne my loues heart from him?

Hel. Fine yfaith:
Haue you no modesty, no maiden shame,
No touch of bashfulness? What, will you teare
Impatient answers from my gentle tongue?

Fie, fie, you counterfeite, you puppet, you.

Her. Puppet? why so? I, that way goes the game.

Now I perceiue that she hath made compare
Betweene our stature, she hath vrg'd her height,
And with her personage, her tall personage,
Her height (forsooth) she hath prevail'd with him.

And are you growne so high in his esteeme,
Because I am so dwarfish, and so low?

How low am I, thou painted May-pole? Speake,
How low am I? I am not yet so low,

But that my nailes can reach vnto thine eyes.

Hel. I pray you though you mocke me, gentlemen,
Let her not hurt me; I was neuer curst:
I haue no gift at all in shrewishnesse;
I am a right maide for my cowardize;

Let her not strike me: you perhaps may thinke,
Because she is something lower then my selfe,
That I can match her.

Her. Lower? harke againe.

Hel. Good *Hermia*, do not be so bitter with me,
I euermore did loue you *Hermia*,
Did euer keepe your counsels, neuer wronged you,
Saue that in loue vnto *Demetrius*,
I told him of your stealth vnto this wood.

He followed you, for loue I followed him,
But he hath chid me hence, and threatned me
To strike me, spurne me, nay to kill me too;
And now, so you will let me quiet go,
To *Athens* will I beare my folly backe,
And follow you no further. Let me goe.

You see how simple, and how fond I am.

Her. Why get you gone: who ist that hinders you?

Hel. A foolish heart, that I leaue here behinde.

Her. What, with *Lysander*?

Her. With *Demetrius*.

Lys. Be not afraid, she shall not harme thee *Helena*.

Dem. No fir, she shall not, though you take her part.

Hel. O when she's angry, she is keene and shrewd,
She was a vixen when she went to schoole,
And though she be but little, she is fierce.

Her. Little againe? Nothing but low and little?

Why will you suffer her to flout me thus?

Let me come to her reasons to ransacke her wit.

Lys. Get you gone you dwarfe,
You minimus, of hindring knot-grasse made,

You bead, you acorne.

Dem. You are too officious,
In her behalfe that scornes your seruices.

Let